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358

A RETROSPECT

OF

SIXTY YEARS

By G. E. MOULE, D.D.

1907

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OF

SIXTY YEARS

A PAPER READ AT A MEETING OF THE

HANGCHOW MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION

BY

G. E. MOULE, D.D.

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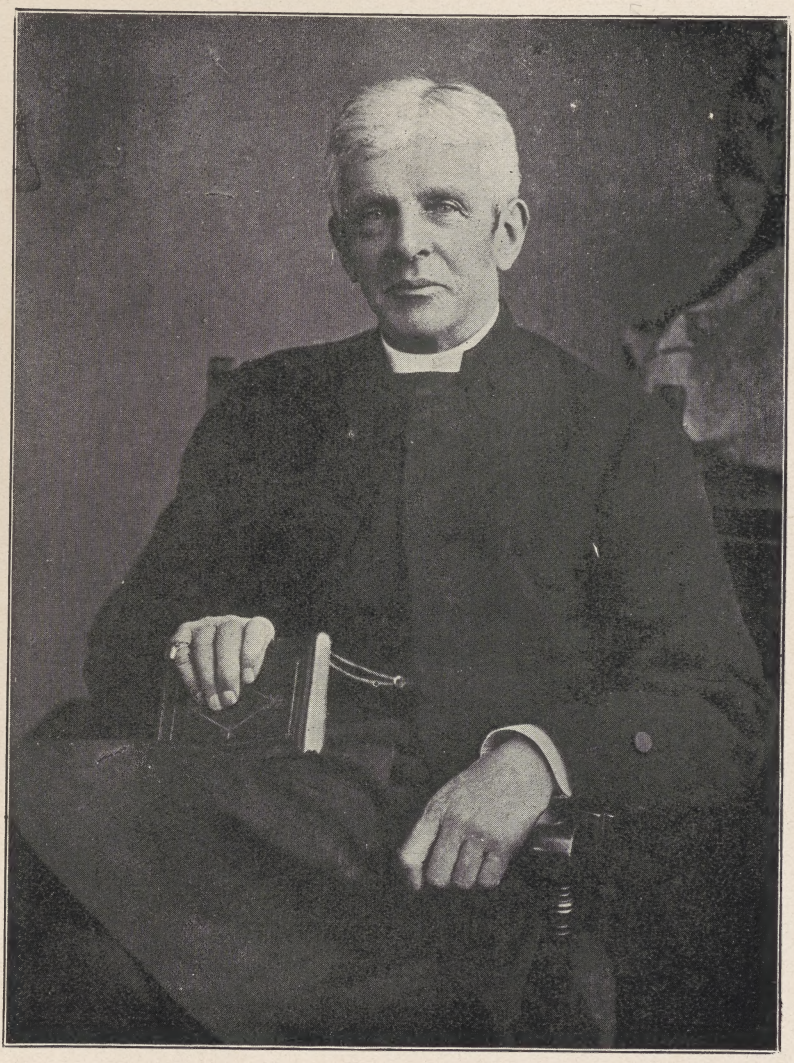

THE LATE BISHOP GEORGE EVANS MOULE

[*Facing page 81*]

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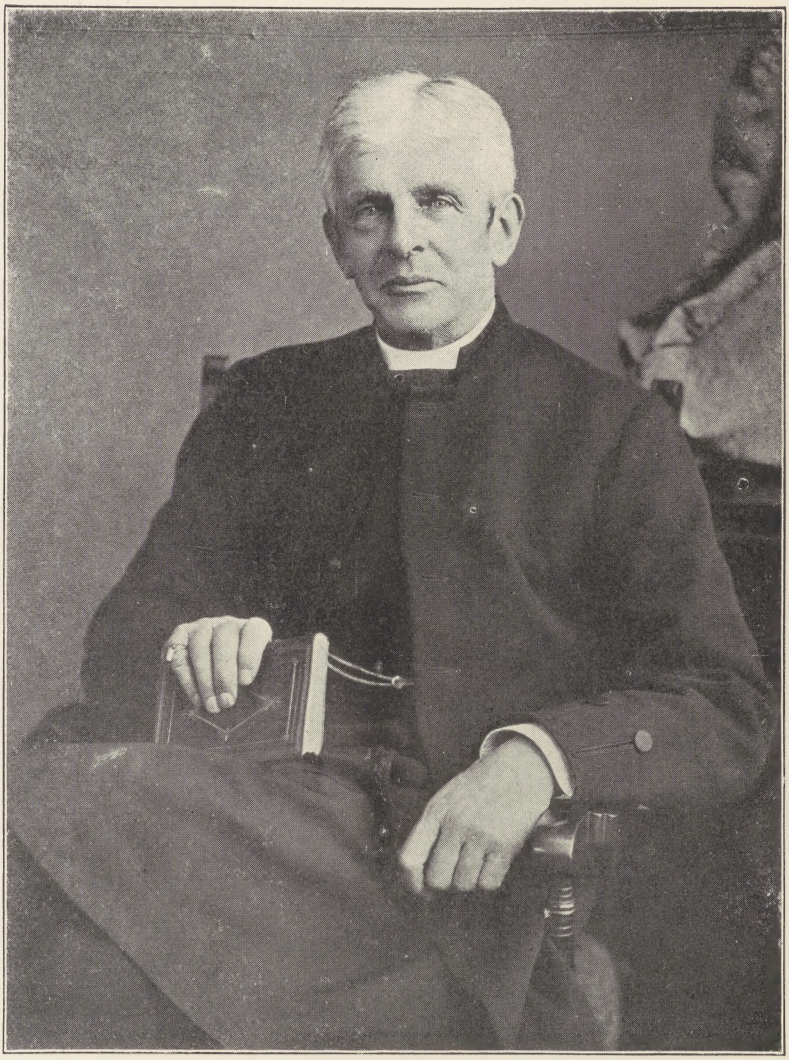

G. E. MOULE, D.D.

1895

A RETROSPECT OF SIXTY YEARS.

MY Friends have from time to time expressed a wish that, before I leave them, I should give some account of "the years of the right hand of the Most High" which I have spent in China and especially in Hangchow, not without His merciful sanction and blessing. I have never thought myself worthy of the high calling of a missionary; and but for such apparent sanction and leading I could hardly reply to the charge of presumption in undertaking a missionary's duties.

Of the dignity and interest of that calling I had heard from very early days. More than seventy years ago my Father, in the Dorsetshire parish of which he was Pastor for fifty-one years, built a Sunday School room, in which month by month he held a Missionary Meeting, calling his people together for intercession, and study of the missionary subject both in the Bible and in the missionary Periodicals of the day, which related the efforts, hardships, and achievements, not only of Anglican Missionaries, but of Congregationalists like Williams and Moffat, and Baptists like Carey and Marshman. As a little boy I attended those Meetings, was sometimes much moved by what I heard, and put my few pence into the collection at the end.

By the time I was eighteen, however, early good impressions had nearly all faded from my mind and heart, and I was living as idle and selfish a life as if I had been an abandoned profligate. Last summer I passed the sixtieth anniversary of my sudden and complete awakening. My Father had been the means under God of the conversion, a few years earlier, of a cavalry officer whose temporary abode lay within the limits of his Parish. Captain Handley, before entering the army, had taken a degree at Oxford. Soon after his conversion he resolved to leave the army and read for holy orders. In due time he was ordained and became my Father's assistant. During the summer of 1846 he used to preach at the third service held every Sunday in my Father's Church. I affected to despise his preaching, as lacking in learning and eloquence. On one of those Sunday evenings I went to Church, with no thought of my soul's need, but simply to look about me, and perhaps criticize the preacher. His text was taken from the last chapter of the Acts, and he spoke of the peril of the soul that "heard the words that were spoken" by God's messengers and "believed not". Suddenly, I know not why, it came home to me that that phrase accurately described me, that the peril was mine, *and* was imminent.

Alarm, for many months alarm pure and simple, compelled me to endeavour to "break off my sins" and seek for God's mercy and peace. Though all the simplicity of the Gospel had been taught in my

hearing and lived in my sight since my birth, it was long before I saw more than a glimmer of hope. Conviction of sin gave me a distaste for the selfish pleasures I had hitherto sought; but I was in perpetual fear of backsliding, and so much in dread of temptation, that I entreated my Father to give up his intention of sending me to Cambridge, and to apprentice me to learn some manual craft or trade. He overruled my wishes in the kindest spirit, and in October, 1846, sent me to Cambridge with my true and honourable elder Brother, who was then just commencing his third year at the University. My fears and self-distrust accompanied me nearly all through my own three years, till I took my degree in January, 1850. But I was mercifully helped and guided by pious friends whom I met there; amongst them, and chiefly, by Mr. Gough,—afterwards my guide and example in my first days of missionary service. His holy life and prayers were my stimulus and my comfort, and he and others like-minded welcomed me to their weekly prayer meeting, and helped me to do battle with the despondency which often amounted to something like fatal despair. The amusements of university life never attracted me. While at Cambridge I never touched an oar or a cricket bat, or witnessed a race or a match; and I sometimes shrank from even food that seemed too pleasant to my taste. It was during my second year, that—perhaps in connection with Gough's earnest desire to go as a Missionary to China—I bethought me that if, in God's abundant

mercy, I was to be pardoned and spared, I ought not to shrink from offering to Him the service I naturally most shrank from, but lay myself at His feet for any work He might call me to in foreign countries. At first I mentioned my vow to no one but Gough ; and it was only after my degree that I felt sure enough of myself to ask my Parents' sanction. Heartily as they welcomed my proposal, my Father asked me to postpone its execution till he had been able to give my five younger brothers the same education I had had ; and I accordingly remained with him, as tutor to his pupils, assistant in his Church, and, for the last two years, also Chaplain in the neighbouring County Hospital till towards the end of 1857, being my thirtieth year.

Thus closed the first eleven years of the sixty, still at my Father's side, able in God's mercy to be of some assistance to him in the anxieties and difficulties of his hard parochial charge, and of what his limited income made a difficult problem, namely the passing of some of my younger brothers through the University. It was during my last year at home that my very dear Brother, Archdeacon now and vigorous worker these very many years side by side with me, reluctantly gave up his hope of the same advantage, out of regard for our Father's circumstances. Some two years later our youngest brother, now Bishop of Durham, enjoyed that advantage partly assisted by a still surviving Brother who had been elected to a fellowship at his College, partly relying on his own earnings as a scholar of Trinity.

When my parents at length saw it right to release me for missionary service in July, 1857, I at once offered myself to the C. M. S., naming China as the country to which my thoughts had been directed, by my friend Gough's settlement (in 1850) at Ningpo, and also by what I *wrongly* imagined to be the prosaic and unromantic character of the people and the country. The Committee, and the chief Secretary of our Society, then the great Henry Venn, were at the time preoccupied with the anxious problems growing out of the terrible Indian mutiny, which had only lately broken out, and the horrors of which were at their height when my offer of service reached them. In consequence of this it remained without an answer for two or three months. During this period of suspense I confess I began to think, not without hope, that God's will might after all permit me to live and die in His service *at home.* At length, however, I was summoned to London and kindly received both by the Committee and Mr. Venn himself, whose guest I was during my stay in town. A distinguished physician, the late Sir G. Johnson, then honorary medical adviser to the C. M. S., very decidedly refused to pass me for China, on the ground that my lack of constitutional tone unfitted me for life and work in any but a temperate climate. I intimated to Mr. Venn that since my offer for China or for any foreign field was dictated in no sense by my own preference, but by my obligation to my merciful Lord, I was ready to go to any country the

Committee might think best. At length, however, after conferring with the Rev. J. Hobson, an uncle of my friend the present Commissioner of Customs at Shanghai, who was at the time Consular Chaplain there, and at home on furlough, China and Ningpo were indicated as my destination; and a few weeks later I took what I believed to be a last farewell of my beloved Parents and brothers, whom, however, I hoped to meet after death, and of my most dear home which I expected never to see again. Having regard to my age, then within two months of thirty, the Committee decided to send me out by P. & O. Mail, at that time a costly and unusual privilege for missionaries. Leaving Southampton on December 19th, pausing to change steamers at Hongkong, and meanwhile being happily married there to my dearest wife, who had gone thither ten months before to nurse her eldest sister—wife of the Colonial Chaplain—in her last illness, I brought her to my dear friend Gough's house at Ningpo on the last day of February, 1858. Next after my debt to my Parents, to my spiritual Father in Christ, Mr. Handley, and to my Wife, I owe more than I can tell to my association from the first with men and women so wholly devoted, and so endowed with the grace of unselfish charity, as Mr. Russell and Mr. Gough and their wives, who were then our Missionaries at Ningpo. Russell had been at his post since 1847, and was finishing his eleventh year without a furlough, or any change or relaxation whatever except a month or so of the hottest weather

occasionally spent at Poodoo or Tiendong in the Eastern Hills. Gough, who had left England eight years before, had already been driven home by fever, and returned I think two or three years before my arrival with his admirable first wife. Less than three years later her failing health compelled him to quit China a second time, too late unhappily to save Mrs. Gough's life, as she died a few days only after they reached home. Her only surviving child is Mrs. Hoare, second wife and now widow of dear Bishop J. C. Hoare.

As I compare those days with these I confess to the recollection of a greater apparent concentration on our work then than is apparent now. There was then no tennis; cricket was played by one of us for a month or two now and then, when the officers of a passing man-of-war brought their implements to the Siao Kao Dziang "Little Parade Ground" and challenged my younger brother to join them; and croquet came in, under dear Bishop Russell's sanction, perhaps ten or fifteen years later, tennis following suit in due time. But nobody played then. Russell shortly before his first furlough, at the end of fifteen years unbroken service, set up a small pony for the sake of exercise. An Irish country gentleman fond of his gun and cross country riding, as I knew him to be, it was as instructive to me as it was, I knew, impressive to his Chinese acquaintance to watch his self-denial in such matters. The provision market at Ningpo, at that time nearly as ill-supplied with but-

cher's meat or game as Chuki and Taichow are now, would, in the judgment of some, have justified the indulgence of old habits and tastes, which Russell, however, laid aside for the Lord's sake.

In August, 1861, three years after I joined the Mission, when I had already been allotted by my brethren a full share of work, evangelistic, educational, and literary, and after Gough had left as I have mentioned, my beloved Brother came to our help, his original destination to Smyrna or Constantinople having been changed, to my great joy, to Ningpo. He and his dear wife at once shared our house on the Siao Kao Dziang and continued to do so till I left for my first furlough in 1867, when it became theirs. It had been proposed that they should commence an out-station at Yü-yao, where a year or two before I had rented a native house as a resting place in preaching tours. We visited it together in October, but before another step could be taken, the Taiping* Rebels came down upon us, and made all such excursions impossible for more than a year. When the sky cleared on the expulsion of the Taiping from Ningpo in May, 1862, and my brother and I found ourselves practically alone in the Mission, we were glad to hand over the place to our Presbyterian Brethren, whose house, acquired soon after ours, had been demolished in the course of the fighting. Russell left for his first furlough in 1862, while the Taiping were still holding Ningpo, and he did not return

* See Note 1 below.

for six years. In 1864 we were joined by Jarvis D. Valentine, honoured and loved by many friends, a few of whom still remain to regret his death in 1889. In September of that year, 1864, absorbed and often perplexed as we were with the reorganization of our work North, South, East, and West of Ningpo, after the confusions and defections of a period of invasion, we were startled by an unexpected and pressing appeal made to me by * two Catechists—Miao (繆) and Dzang (盛)—to advance promptly to Hangchow, or at least to Shao-hsing, where J. S. Burdon had laboured for a year or more before the invasion not without success. "The people," they urged, "have seen the helplessness of the Idols; now is the time and we are the people to go and tell them of Christ the true Saviour." To this appeal I at first opposed an absolute refusal: we were too weak for our immediate duties, it would be a neglect of them to take up new responsibilities, especially at such a distance. These zealous men were both tailors by trade, after their conversion diligent Bible students, and for a few years had been employed as evangelists. John Dzang had come to us from the Romanists, following his earnest friend and converter Stephen Dzing, father of my dear friend the Pastor of our Shanghai Church. James Miao was the father of three former assistants under Dr. Galt and Dr. Main in the C. M. S. Hospital, and of Miao En-be still a resident here and like his father a tailor.

* See Note 2 below.

I did not convince them, and after ascertaining that none of our brethren—American Presbyterian, or Baptist—felt able to undertake so distant an expedition, I consented to lead one of them as far as Hangchow in November, and, if an opening presented itself, to domicile him there or in one of the intermediate cities as a Catechist. John seemed the fitter of the two, and in November he and I started on our trip. Meantime* a Graduate named Wu (吳), long employed by Russell and others as a teacher, and who was afterwards baptized, offered me, on behalf of an acquaintance, the house in Ma-sao Yang which, as you know, has for forty-two years been the home and, for some of them, the birthplace of my children. We made our journey by canals half dried after a rainless summer, reconnoitring on our way Yü-yao, Shaohsing, and Hsiao-shan, all three more or less ruined during the three years of disorder, and at length, attended by a boatman and servant, both believers, we reached Hangchow, four-fifths of it in ruins, and "laid up our carriages" in the Ma-sao Yang house, where in the dusty first floor—which was entirely without partitions—we spread our beds on handsome lacquered furniture lent us by our future landlord. With him I concluded a lease for part of the house, after a fortnight spent in viewing the city and neighbourhood. Leaving John behind me, and "assuredly gathering" that God had called us to serve Him in Hangchow, I returned to Ningpo to keep Christmas

* See Note 3 below.

THE HOUSE IN MASAO YANG.

and consult with my Brother and Valentine about arrangements.

It was agreed that my Brother should remain in charge at Ningpo, with Mr. Valentine and our families, while I visited Hangchow in alternate months, both to support the Evangelist and put the house into somewhat habitable order, continuing meantime Secretary of the Mission.

This was acted upon; and not without some difficulty from ill-health, I made visits in January, March, and May, returning finally in June to Ningpo and the Western Hills for the summer. Three rooms, a bedroom, sitting room, and what served as both study and spare bedroom, were made ready during the spring and summer, and the then wide hall had its central division fitted up for worship. Later our services were held in the similar hall of the building at the rear, which was afterwards removed to Fang-koh Yun to serve as the first hospital. In January my friend Green, of the American Presbyterian Mission, came to me, his mission having reconsidered their inability to move forward. We helped him to acquire property which is still part of our brethren's Mission premises; and when in the following October I brought my wife and family into our somewhat scanty accommodation, we had the comfort of Mr. and Mrs. Green's neighbourhood and friendship.

Thus two periods of seven or eight months, October to June, were spent by us with our three elder children in the years 1865-1866 and 1866-1867.

At the close of the latter period I had baptized in our hall some ten or twelve men and women, one of them the father of my friend Pastor Nyi of Chuki, another a graduate named P'un, whose widow has long lived with her son-in-law "David Armstrong" and assisted in the mission work of Mrs. Hoare and Mrs. Walter Moule. Mr. P'un's otherwise fine qualities were marred by his love of liquor, and he died sadly, during my absence in England, suspended from Communion, but penitent. So at least our friend Pastor Tsang Nyin-kw'e, who visited him on his deathbed, believed. The only other survivor of those early converts is Swen S-hyi, still useful as a schoolmaster after many years' service, whose conversion was due to his employer the late Rev. H. Gretton, who joined us in 1867 a few months before I left on furlough, and who, with the assistance of my Brother, then the only Presbyter of our Mission in Chekiang, had charge of the Station during the period of my absence.

With my departure for England in June, 1867, ends the second section of my sixty "years of the right hand of the most High." It extended from March, 1858, to June, 1867, or nine full years on Chinese soil. Unlike Russell, whose most distant excursions during fifteen years took him no further than Shanghai, I had taken two health trips, each covering an absence of five weeks from the Station. The first in May and June, 1861, was made in H. M. S. *Actæon* to Nagasaki, from which I returned after two

days spent with the American Episcopalian Mission, in an American schooner to Shanghai, and found my way thence to Ningpo in a Chinese *lorcha*. The second, in 1863, under peremptory orders from Dr. J. Parker of Ningpo, was to Chefoo and Tungchow; my conveyance up the coast a Swedish brig which, weatherbound at Chinhai, occupied nearly ten days on the voyage. Hospitably entertained at Chefoo by the Consul, son of the great Dr. Morrison, I was forwarded by him, after a day's rest, on horseback to my old friend Nevius at Tungchow, where I found immediate and great refreshment in perfect weather, active exercise, and pleasant intercourse with my friends. I returned, less pleasantly, to Shanghai on board a steamer, where I met for the first time Robert Hart, now Inspector-General of Customs, who has ever since kept a kind memory of our intercourse. Cholera awaited me in the city and in our own compound, but through God's mercy we were kept in health.

My first furlough, from June, 1867, to November, 1869 was, I hope, profitable to me spiritually as well as physically. I had got, I am afraid, more and more possessed with the idea that we missionaries enjoyed only scanty sympathy at the hands of our fellow-churchmen, clerical and lay, in their more comfortable lot at home. Perhaps Dr. G. Johnson's diagnosis was justifying itself; and my lack of tone, though I did not die of it, was exposing me a prey to unreasonable discontent. However a very short time at home

served to shew me that, as compared with our noble Chief Secretary, and with very many of our supporters among the clergy in town and country, it was they—not I—who were overworked; and whilst I and mine were secure of what we thankfully recognized as a competency, very many indeed of our brother clergy lacked the necessaries of life. I hope I have never forgotten this. The privilege of intercourse, during my occasional work as a deputation, with spiritually-minded clergy, bishops, and laymen, has also been an experience for which, under God, I have to thank the C. M. S., no less than for the original privilege of being placed upon their roll.

Arriving at home during the summer of 1867 I spent two more summers in England before my departure for China in October, 1869. My brother had come home for his first furlough in 1868, and I left him there when I sailed a second time.

This time we took passage in one of the earliest of the "Blue Funnel" steamers; and, the Suez Canal being not yet opened, we proceeded round the Cape, touching at Teneriffe, where I baptized an infant at the British Consulate and was hospitably entertained by the Parents, at the Cape of Good Hope, where I had time to visit the Observatory, and at Mauritius, being kindly received and lodged there during two days by Mr. Buswell, now Archdeacon. Miss Laurence was our fellow-passenger, and shared with us the real discomforts of our voyage in an overcrowded and ill-found steamer, with fellow-passengers who had

a liberal daily allowance for liquor, and availed themselves of the privilege. To my wife it was a serious peril, which nearly cost her her life.

Our dear third son, now with God, was born to us at Hongkong, where we were most kindly lodged by Mr. Piper, friend of Mr. Bates and Mr. Gretton, and now for some years a London clergyman.

Including that new "gift of the Lord" we brought to Hangchow three of our children; the two eldest having been left in England at school and under my Parents' care.

Even at Ningpo we had by no means always had the advantage of medical advice. At Hangchow we were now entirely without it until Dr. Galt joined us late in 1871. Meanwhile Mr. Elwin, who with his wife came to us soon after our arrival, having been among the earliest navigators of the Suez Canal, had from the first proved so susceptible to dysentery and ague that he had more than once to resort to Shanghai for advice, and after comparatively a very short time was compelled to go home on sick leave.

Many an anxious hour, of course, was the result of this lack of medical aid, when we were now tending a child in dysentery, now a brother missionary with hæmorrhage on the lungs, now welcoming into the world a new "gift of God" with trembling fear lest his mother should lose her life through our ignorance. But the Lord helped us, and none of our bereavements were due to our want of professional help.

With 1870 begins my second and last period of missionary service as a *presbyter*. It covered six and a half years till the early summer of 1876. It included times, more than one, of excitement and alarm.

In 1870 occurred the savage outbreak at Tientsin, where French Priests and Sisters, a French Consul, and others, were cruelly massacred in the excitement caused by wild rumours of impossible crimes said to be perpetrated in the Foundling Hospital. Meantime we, the three or four Missionaries of the day at Hangchow, were threatened by anonymous enemies and advised by our friends to retire, but did not see our way to do so; and the excitement passed.

During the Autumn of 1872 the hostility of the officials was excited against us by the occurrence of deaths in the Provincial Treasurer's family, attributed by the geomancers to the sinister influence of the gabled house of our Presbyterian brethren overlooking his official residence from Kuan-mi Shan, the hill above it. Their action became so threatening that, in answer to our appeal, Dr. Lord, the American Consul, and Mr. Solbé, the very able assistant to the British Consul, Mr. Swinhoe, came up from Ningpo to remonstrate on the spot. The energetic remonstrances, especially of Mr. Solbé, prevailed so far that our land-agents, who had been arrested and threatened, were all ultimately released, and a proclamation issued defining our right to hold lands and houses in the city. A year later the Treasurer,

baffled in this manner, opened through Ningpo negotiations with a view to buy out the unwelcome tenants of the hill. Our friends, rightly I think, accepted the overtures which reached them through Dr. Lord, and agreed to surrender their hill-site with its advantages but insecure tenure in exchange for the less attractive ground at T'ien-swe Gyao secured to them under the hand and seal of the Magistrate. Together with the Deeds a sum of eleven thousand dollars was handed over to enable the Missionaries to erect houses and a chapel on the new site. All the other Missionaries profited by this transaction in the improved security of their land tenure.

In 1876 Dr. Russell, who had been consecrated Bishop in 1872, visited Hangchow, bringing with him young Joseph Hoare, newly come out at his invitation to found and guide the projected C. M. S. College at Ningpo. Our brother Hoare was in fact then beginning the thirty years of strenuous and devoted service to China, which ended last year, gloriously for him, sadly for me and many others, in the tempest of September 18th.

The six and a half years I am now calling to mind saw the erection or improvement of Mission houses, some of which are still standing. Amongst them were the houses built by or for Messrs. Elwin, Galt, Dodd, and Stuart and his colleagues. My own Chinese house was transformed by raising the roof, flooring and rearranging the ground-floor rooms, and also by the transfer of a large tenement in the rear to

Dr. Galt's compound as a temporary hospital, and of stone gateways and many yards of stone pavement to the new Church compound or to Dr. Galt's. The front gateways of the Mission Church and of Dr. Main's dwelling house used to stand respectively in front and rear of my abode in Ma-sao Yang.

The Mission Church, recently enlarged for the second time, was built chiefly by private subscription, and was opened with a happy united service on the last Sunday and last day of 1871. Our Presbyterian Brethren invited themselves to the solemnity, and were of course heartily welcomed; the veteran Pastor, still surviving, being the bearer to us of the proposal. That service was Dr. Galt's first opportunity of witnessing common worship in Chinese.

* We reached England and my childhood's home once more in the last days of June, 1876. My beloved Parents were both there to welcome us, though my Mother had become nearly blind from cataract, and in her seventy-fifth year was failing also in general health. For one more year, however, God spared her to me and my brothers and her grandchildren. On the anniversary of our return, June 29th, she was at length struck down with palsy, and so lay speechless in weakness and suffering, but not without many tokens of her "dear Redeemer's" presence for fifty-three days, leaving us at last on August 21st, within a month of her seventy-sixth birthday. My Father, with revived powers that seemed rather to grow with

* See Note 4 below.

his years, stayed with us still for more than two years, active to the last, and passed to his rest as he entered his eightieth year, after only three or four days' illness in February, 1880. A very little earlier I had sought his advice regarding the proposition made to me by Mr. Henry Wright to allow him to mention me to Archbishop Tait as a possible successor to Dr. Russell, after that true Bishop's death on the field in the preceding October.

In the third year of that long furlough, still tied, as I thought, by duty to my aged Parents and to my seven children, I had proposed to the Parent Committee of the C. M. S. to disconnect me and cease paying me the stipend which for the present I could hardly be said to earn. The Secretaries refused to take that view of the situation. Nevertheless, when Bishop Russell's death was reported, it was proposed to supply his place by the nomination to the Archbishop, not of myself but of my younger Brother. And only when *he* positively declined to be put in nomination until the offer should have been refused by me, did the Honorary Secretary, Mr. Wright, send for me and propose to nominate me for the office. He offered no explanation of the preference shown for my Brother, who, it is true, had not lingered so long at home as I had; but said that he was convinced by my Brother's representations that, especially in China, to place a younger brother over an elder, would lead to complications. I was reluctant to accept the nomination; and by way of reply reverted

to a suggestion I had made to Mr. Venn in 1868 when Mr. Russell's appointment was in view, namely to nominate one of the home clergy of adequate spiritual gifts and ripe experience. I thought then, and my opinion is not materially changed by my experience, that a Missionary raised as Bishop to be *primus inter pares et consocios* is under some disadvantages which might even outweigh the obvious qualifications of acclimatization and familiarity with the Chinese language. Neither Mr. Venn, however, nor Mr. Henry Wright accepted my view; and after anxious consideration and conference with my Brother and my revered Father, my objections were overborne and I was duly consecrated, with Bishop Scott, on October 28th, 1880. During my stay in England I had so far kept touch with my brethren in the field that I had, for them, passed through the presses of the S. P. C. K. romanized versions of St. Matthew and St. John, and of portions of the Prayer Book in Hangchow Mandarin.

I reached Shanghai as Bishop in February 1881, twenty-three years after my first arrival there, and under the Archbishop's commission, but without any formal induction took possession of the episcopal Seat vacated by Bishop Russell, and which I have occupied now for twenty-six years. The late learned Bishop Schereschewsky, under a mistaken impression that the English Bishop's chair in Shanghai infringed his own episcopal rights there, lodged a protest against my action as well as against the

Archbishop's commission, under which it was taken. Then, however, and afterwards more than once, I have been able, as I think successfully, to vindicate my own rights and withal to make it clear that no interference with the legitimate prerogatives of the American Bishop was contemplated or was possible. The changed aspect of the discussion since October, 1903, is known to my Brethren; and it is a source of keen regret to me. Up to that time I had been on friendly terms with, and had rendered brotherly assisttance to, Bishops Schereschewsky, Williams, Boone junior, and Graves; confirming and ordaining candidates at their request and lending the Cathedral for the consecration of Bishop Boone, on which occasion Bishop Williams, the consecrator, asked and received both advice and assistance from me and my Brother Scott of North China.

The past twenty-six years have been broken by two furloughs—in 1886 and 1894—each lasting about a year. During that long quarter of a century my connexion with Hangchow has naturally been less exclusive than it was from 1870 to 1876. In those years I had left it only to attend Conferences at Ningpo, or at the summons of Bishop Russell to assist him in ordaining our first Chinese Pastor. Since 1881, though it has continued to be my residence, chosen no less on account of its equidistance from Ningpo and Shanghai than its own importance as the Provincial Capital, my duties as bishop have made necessary frequent absences at nearly all seasons of

the year on visitations to the cities I have named, to Shao-hsing and Chuki, and, after 1888, to Taichow likewise. Portions of nearly every year, amounting to from three to five months, have been occupied with such journeys which have covered from two thousand to three thousand miles annually.

Distant trips for the sake of health have never seemed necessary. Once or twice I took my family, then still young, to the Ningpo Hills. I have once visited Bishop Scott at Peking, taking Chefoo on my way; and a second time I paid a four days' visit to Chefoo as guest of my youngest son, as I had a year earlier made an equally short visit to another son at Hongkong. Never since a flying visit in 1861 to Japan as guest of Captain J. Ward, R.N., in H. M. S. *Actæon*, when I called on the early American Mission at Nagasaki, have I seen the shores of the Island Empire of the East.

More than once, notwithstanding my *episcopal* duties in the wide-spread fields of Chekiang and at Shanghai, I have found myself the only English Presbyter at Hangchow able personally to superintend and administer the sacraments in the missionary Districts of Chuki and the River during the absences on furlough of the earlier Missionaries Messrs. A. Elwin, J. H. Sedgwick, and G. W. Coultas.

Our Church machinery has developed since then; but the corresponding enlargement of its area, and multiplication of the Christians, does not tend to lessen the tax on the Bishop's strength.

Much has developed besides Church Machinery. Conspicuously the medical department of the C. M. S., begun by Dr. Galt in 1872, has under Dr. Main's continuous management been enlarged in every way. The opium Refuge of Dr. Galt's day with one general ward and a cottage room or two for women, is now forgotten by most of us behind the great General Hospital with its separate women's department, the new opium Refuge apart from both, the large medical school, the recently commenced maternity department and class, the Leper house with twenty leper communicants in it at this moment, and the open-air sanitariums outside the city.

The Presbyterian Missions have developed in other ways; the one its valuable college and Girls' School, the other its country church organization and evangelization, whilst its excellent Girls' School is more flourishing than ever.

The Baptist Mission, which in my earlier years had no definite footing amongst us, has now a strong basis in its English Academy for boys and girls, its Printing Office, and its evangelistic work.

We would all gladly find ourselves and see our neighbours far more adequately prepared than we are to do our part as our Lord's representatives at this great provincial centre in the critical times that are upon us.

When I first found in 1864 what has proved to be a home, if anything below the sky deserves that holy name, China had been convulsed from end to

end by the Taiping upheaval. She had been glad to borrow help with one hand from the Western powers against the domestic foe, while with the other she strove to keep those powers at bay. Yet then, and for full thirty years more, she was the unchanged China still. As I approached Hangchow in that distant year the great suburbs on the River and the Canal were practically obliterated, their sites occupied in part with the camps and forts of the besiegers who had so lately attained their object. Much more than half the city lay in ruins, not a single Government office was habitable, only one of all the temples on the Hill was erect; and the Great Street showed like a long line of islands separated from each other by intervals of ruin. The margin of the Lake and the Valleys beyond had been devastated in like manner. Chao-ch'ing and T'ien-chu Convents, for example, were demolished; but the Imperial Commissioner Chiang, who is reported to have originated the Free Ferry, was already expending large sums, derived it was said from treasure trove on the rebuilding and adornment of T'ien-chu.

In the thirty years down to 1894 the wounds of Hangchow had nearly all been closed, and of many the very scars had disappeared. And it had been done with as little as possible of deviation from the time-honoured rules of Chinese architecture and embellishment. If you except the houses of Missionaries, Hangchow alike within and without the walls was Chinese, with the defects of its qualities no doubt,

but with little or nothing of the hideousness of the would-be foreign structures which now affront the eye alike in the streets, on the lake shore, and the picturesque but deformed hills which rise from it. The novelties that pain us are due chiefly to the past dozen years. And these obtrusive novelties betoken, I think, all too accurately the change and the character of the change which has come over Hang-chow Society chiefly during the same short period. When I wrote for the Association in 1889 I hazarded the prophecy that I at any rate should not live to see the end of the great national system of competitive examination of which the Kung-yuan (Provincial Examination Hall) is a symbol. My prophecy has failed and the Kung-yuan is actually being put to other uses than those familiar to missionaries here during forty years past. The great educational system that goes with it had its faults, and the Confucian Ethics have their deficiencies. But for the mass of the people at present it is Confucian morality or none, since whatever else is accepted from the West by way of education, it does not embrace our, that is to say the Christian, morality. The English language, physical science, political economy and history as included in it, the healing art, the art of war, the science of projectiles, and so forth, are eagerly sought for, apparently on the principle that the education of the powerful nations which have humbled China must be the remedy for the weakness of which she is conscious, but is too blind to connect

it with the social and public immorality which is so conspicuously a violation of Confucius' principles. Hence we have the sad and unpromising phenomenon of the eager pursuit of some branches of European and American education, while we are assured that Englishmen and Americans are—less noisily perhaps —but more cordially hated than ever. And it is on this account that I long far more than I used to do, to see the Church in the West, under whatever denomination, roused to the duty of a really generous expenditure of her money and of her best-equipped sons and daughters on the effort to seize the critical moment, and if it be yet possible offer to the Chinese everywhere the best and most thorough intellectual instruction in schools conducted on confessedly and thoroughly Christian and scriptural principles. I confess to the fear that, high as our aims have always been in the colleges and medical schools we have been enabled to open, the results have not corresponded to our aims. Good scholars and mathematicians, good schoolmasters, good doctors, have been produced; but if I am not mistaken the earnest and educated evangelist and pastor, the medical missionary, is as rare as he was ten years ago; rarer perhaps in view of the widening field and the multiplying flocks. Am I mistaken in surmising that the teaching force has been inadequate, not certainly to impart skill and scholarship, for they are in evidence, but *at the same time to impart character*, and to encourage whole hearted spiritual devotion by example?

I have attempted a sketch of the sixty years during which, in God's providence, I was called to, and ultimately fixed in, China and Hangchow. I have paid some tribute to my friends Russell and Gough, those exemplary founders of the work in Chekiang, to whom, and to their wives, I owed so much in my first days of missionary apprenticeship. They are gone, they and many another high and true example within the English Church and without it, since my first domicile in Hangchow, besides my Parents, three brothers, and two children—one a true fellow-labourer with her Mother and me,—far beyond the reach of steam or electricity "into the world of light."

The earliest in China of those true friends whose sympathy, counsel, and example did so much to help me in "whatsoever things have been of good report" in my life was John Hobson, once a C. M. S. Missionary, then Consular Chaplain at Shanghai, who by his cheerful prognosis did much to neutralize Dr. G. Johnson's discouraging opinion of my constitution. He befriended me till his premature death in 1862. If he helped me on my way to China, John Shaw Burdon—then his *locum tenens* as chaplain—welcomed me and introduced me to its people and its Missionaries. He is but just released to his rest after, I think, fifty years' missionary service at Shanghai, Ningpo, Shao-hsing, Hangchow, Peking, and the South, of which more than twenty were spent as Bishop of Victoria. By him I was made known to

those admirable Missionaries of the L. M. S.—the learned Wylie and Edkins, and the devoted and eloquent Muirhead. When I reached Ningpo the American friends of our Mission welcomed me ; and I thus had the advantage of Christian fellowship with McCartee, who divided fifty-six years service equally between China and Japan, and his brother-in-law Rankin, associate with our own Russell in the work of translation into Ningpo colloquial. I dare not name the living friends to whom I am indebted for similar advantage, or I should extend this paper to double its length, already excessive. But I cannot omit two of my strongest and truest friends, Hodges and Hoare, both scholars and whole-hearted Christians, as affectionate as they were frank in their friendship, both of them my fellow-workers,—Hodges for seventeen years in the great charge of the Shanghai chaplaincy, Hoare for a nearly equal period as Principal of the Ningpo College, which he left, to the regret of us all, for his short but exemplary tenure of the Bishopric of Victoria. In God's mysterious providence both of these true men were, in our view, prematurely released from service—Hodges by cholera on the younger side of sixty, Hoare by the typhoon of September, 1906, still hale and strong in his vigorous manhood.

NOTES.

NOTE 1.—"The Taiping Rebels came down upon us." The history of the Taiping insurrection has been told by many writers. The late distinguished Consul and sinologue, Thomas Taylor Meadows, traced the origin of the movement and its progress down to 1855 in his "Chinese and their Rebellions." My Brother, Archdeacon Moule, has more than once related his personal observation of the insurgents during their siege and occupation of Ningpo, e.g., very recently in a contribution to the *East of Asia*, Vol. V, No. 2. The following sentences taken with very slight alteration from "A Narrative of the Conversion of a Chinese Physician," a compilation by my Father from our correspondence some forty odd years ago, are perhaps worth reprinting. The insurrection may be said to have commenced in 1850 when the Society of God-worshippers armed themselves and commenced their famous march from their homes in Kuangsi to Nanking, which they captured in 1853, and held for ten years. My "Narrative" (p. 52) proceeds:—"In 1858 serious alarm was felt in the province of Chekiang, when almost the whole population of Ningpo fled to the hills or over the sea, on the occasion of an inroad into the south of our province from Kiangsi.

In the spring of 1860, Nanking having been long beleaguered by the Imperialists, it was relieved by a masterly movement, projected by the Chung-wang, or Loyal Prince, when Hangchow, the capital of Chekiang, was taken almost by *coup de main* and pillaged; but immediately afterwards evacuated by the captors, who pressed on to join the Chung-wang before Soochow. Soochow was soon taken, partly through the treachery or cowardice of the commandant; and the Imperial camp before Nanking was, at the same time, completely broken up.

From Soochow two attempts were made to take Shanghai, so as to open communication with the sea and foreign traders, with a view to obtaining arms and ammunition. But the hope that the foreign powers would either connive at the attempt or be overcome by force was disappointed; and provocation was given which at length induced the English and French governments to render assistance to the Imperialists, and to win for them victories which broke the prestige and weakened the position of the Taipings, and paved the way for their final overthrow in 1864. Before this consummation, however, whilst Nanking and Soochow were still in their almost undisturbed possession, they made another and more formidable inroad into Chekiang.

It commenced in the summer of 1861, when large armies, entering from the southern and western frontiers, marched into the very heart of the province, and occupied the 'department' of Chinhua.

In the autumn they were reinforced, and moved northward and eastward to the circuit of Ningpo. The great city of Shaohsing fell in October, and our missionaries there, Mr. Burdon and Mr. Fleming, were compelled to retire upon Ningpo. In the first days of December, the banners of two Marshals, Huang and Fan, appeared under the walls of Ningpo. Nine-tenths of the population had already fled; but, as we knew of no really secure refuge towards which to direct the flight of our Christian natives, it became our duty to remain with them in the city, committing them and ourselves to the protection of our Master, and not without considerable hope that the Taiping leaders would respect, as they had promised to do, both our Christian character and the power of England. We were not disappointed in our hope; but when, on the day of the city's capture, we found ourselves surrounded by the half-savage hordes, delirious with success, rushing through the streets, and forcibly entering our own dwellings amongst the rest, in search of plunder and captives, our affiance in our Heavenly Guardian was tested somewhat severely, and His presence was felt to be a nearer and more sure defence than the English flag and name.

Mr. Hudson, an aged Baptist missionary, no longer attached to any society, and four of our own body—Russell, Burdon, Fleming, and G. Moule—were the only missionaries within the walls when Ningpo was taken. Others had left the city under the advice of the Consul; and Mrs. G. Moule had gone to Shanghai for medical advice. But Mrs. Russell insisted on remaining with her husband, and passed with us through all the trying alarms and suspense of the time. We of the C. M. S. were distributed at three mission-houses, distant about half a mile from each other. Two of them, and Mr. Hudson's, were crowded with refugees: Christians, and also heathen of our acquaintance, chiefly women. When, at length, on the morning of the 9th, the city fell and pillage began, these helpless people, especially the children, occasioned no little embarrassment by attracting the cupidity of the plunderers, who eagerly sought to carry them off to be trained for future soldiers of the dynasty. It was then that we felt the need of Divine support to uphold us during our watch of several hours alone and unarmed, and the incessant altercations with the plundering parties who came one after the other to our doors. At length the Chiefs, learning our situation from Mr. Burdon, sent orders that we should not be molested, and furnished a Taiping as sentry to each of the more exposed houses during the first night. The number of our inmates now began to increase in an alarming degree; poor wretches, who had secreted themselves, or had escaped from the hands of their Taiping captors, coming night and day to ask an asylum. We remained in this situation, daily conducting parties of these refugees out of the city on their way to the mountains, or to the foreign settlement on the north bank of the Yung,

until a very large number indeed had thus escaped forced service under these despotic and unscrupulous masters. The city became one vast camp, which was speedily fortified as thoroughly as Taiping science, and the active industry, during many days, of thousands of soldiers and conscript workmen, could do it. All but the troops, the captives—chiefly used as labourers, but also made to bear arms—and a few wretched women and old people who clung to their ruined homes, or had failed to escape, were now gradually forced out of the city. And we found that, unless we chose to identify ourselves with the insurgent movement, and become, as it were, chaplains to the force, our work was at an end. Accordingly, after a laborious and anxious ten days spent in almost incessant search for missing friends, and in escorting parties of the rescued beyond the gates, we determined to comply with the Consul's desire and leave the city for the North-Bank settlement, where we were accommodated in two of the houses of the American Presbyterian Mission. It was during the early part of our sojourn there that a journey to Shaohsing was made by Mr. Burdon and G. Moule to inquire after a convert of Mr. B.'s, whom by God's help we were enabled to rescue from captivity. In January, 1862, Hangchow was taken by famine, and the Tartar garrison within it suffered the same fate as that at Nanking, only thirty persons out of upwards of ten thousand escaping the sword of the victor, or the explosions of gunpowder, by which many of their comrades preferred to end their lives and save their families from cruelty and dishonour. Hangchow remained more than two years a seat of the Taiping power; but Ningpo was recovered much sooner for the Mandarins. The insurgents, after selecting suitable quarters, either in public buildings or the dwellings of the people, and collecting as much plunder as possible, broke down and dishonoured nearly all the idols in every temple, and even desecrated the temples of Confucius. Some idols and in a few cases whole temples or parts of temples, both in the city and elsewhere, were ransomed by wealthy Chinese, and preserved from destruction.

Soon after the capture of Ningpo, Mr. Parkes, afterwards Sir H. Parkes, K.C.B., visited the Chiefs, to remonstrate with them on their conduct in seizing one of the marts of British commerce, and on the violence which had attended the capture. He told them, however, that if they refrained from molesting foreigners, and acted humanely towards the natives, so as to permit the recovery of the commerce of the place, it was not the intention of the English to interfere. But that if insult was offered to the British flag, it would be resented. The Chiefs, during the frequent visits we paid them, often alluded to this communication, irritated apparently by the peremptory manner in which it was made, but expressing their wish to live at peace with the 'foreign

brethren,' whose steamers, fire-arms, and merchandise of all kinds, except opium, they desired by all means to obtain; although few of those at Ningpo appeared to have any aspirations after social improvement or religious knowledge.

At the opening of 1862, the success of their arms against Hangchow, and other causes, seem to have rendered them more and more indifferent to the policy of maintaining a good understanding with the English; and although, in conversation with the missionaries, they still deplored the causes of irritation, which were not wholly confined to one side, they took no effectual measures to restrain, either the pillage of our houses within their lines, or the firing of muskets from the walls in the direction of the foreign settlement and gunboats. In May, this state of things had reached its height; and a remonstrance from the English and French naval officers having been received with defiance, Ningpo was bombarded and retaken, after a few hours hard fighting, by a small force, about one hundred and fifty in all, of English and French sailors and marines. The large insurgent force, 70,000 according to their own account, fell back on the neighbouring cities and on Hangchow; the gates of some, however, being closed against them, so that they were obliged to retreat beyond the frontiers of the province. Ningpo had hardly been purified from the many pollutions occasioned by obstructed canals, and the suspension of the scavenger's office during the five months of its occupation by the Taipings, when in the autumn a large army invaded us again from the south, retaking the district city of Fênghua (Vong-hwô), and sweeping the plains between it and Ningpo, up to our very gates. The panic once more became excessive; numbers of the people fled, they hardly knew whither, while thousands from the country were crowded in boats or by the wayside, without the north gate and on the river, begging for shelter.

But the vigour and activity of the English senior officer, with his handful of sailors and marines, assisted to some extent by a force of drilled natives, soon expelled them, notwithstanding a show of bravery unusual with the Chinese; and the influence of his counsels and his name reaching beyond the limits to which his active service was confined, the other district cities under the rule of Ningpo and Shaohsing were recovered in detail, until at length Hangchow was retaken in March, 1864."

NOTE 2.—"Two Catechists, Miao and Dzang." The latter name, pronounced *Shêng* in mandarin, belonged to one of the converts who joined us from the Romanists. Himself a tailor he had become interested in Christianity by means of books and conversation with Romanists, and one of his customers, Dzing (陳), the Physician whose conversion is referred to in the previous note, stood his sponsor at his

baptism. The Physician's conversion is briefly related in "The Story of the Chekiang Mission" as abridged from the "Narrative" quoted above. Soon after his renunciation of Romanist error and reception into our communion in 1859, Dzang, who had been engaged in his calling elsewhere, returned to Ningpo, hoping to present his family for baptism at the Roman Catholic Church at Easter, and looking to the Physician for help and advice. On learning of his friend's change he was at first greatly scandalized, and it was only after much discussion and severe mental conflict that he yielded to the arguments from Scripture and followed Dzing into our communion. After two or three years, during which he worked at his trade, his zeal in commending the Gospel to others attracted our attention, and it was, I think, soon after the pacification of Ningpo that we asked him to give his whole time to the work of an evangelist. Many of our early native agents were tailors by trade:—Bao, Miao, Dzang, and also two of our first class of Divinity students 'Ô (夏) and Wông (王), both now in priests' orders, though the first has retired from active work.

Dzang, besides natural intelligence and earnest interest in religion, developed soon after my acquaintance with him a singular skill in map making, both the theory of it, from a Chinese point of view, and the draughtsmanship also. His first attempt was made when seeking my advice as to a visit to his country-home a dozen miles from Ningpo during the Taiping occupation; and was intended to explain to me how he proposed to avoid capture by their pickets. It was so accurate that the consular officer, who soon after accompanied our force on its expedition to take the city of Fênghua, assured me that it had been of the greatest use to the commanding officer in marching his men across the plain everywhere intersected by waterways, which with their bridges had been effectively represented in Dzang's sketch. He afterwards made for me maps of wider regions, such as the whole county of Fênghua, the great plain of Sanpoh, and last but not least in interest the city of Hangchow.

It was the urgency of the Catechists Miao and Dzang, as I have stated, that seemed to compel me, reluctant as I was, to attempt the mission to Hangchow. Dzang accompanied me on my first visit when, anxious to form as correct an idea as possible of the extent and nature of our city, I sought eagerly in the few shops then open for a map of the place. Though no map was at that time to be purchased, Dzang borrowed from a friend a volume of the local Topography, and taking its rough maps as his basis, enlarged the scale and, filling the outline with details supplied by his own knowledge and observation, produced a delicate piece of penmanship—far enough from infallible, but—full of useful information, and which has interested, among many other friends who have received copies of it, the late Col. H. Yule, C. B., the accom-

plished editor of Marco Polo. My companions on my first trip to Hangchow, besides Dzang, were my dear pupil Dzing Kyi-'ao (*alias* Franciscus), third son of Stephen Dzing, who died Pastor of Ningpo East some nine years ago, a Christian servant, and my two boatmen, the elder brother already a Christian and afterwards a zealous catechist, the other, who now alone survives, afterwards baptized and leading a Christian life with Christian children and grandchildren. Dzang served efficiently as an evangelist during the first four years of the occupation of Hangchow; and died, during my absence on furlough, at Tsông-ts'eng in the Western Hills of Ningpo.

NOTE 3.—"A Graduate named Wu." Mr. Wu's connection with our occupation of Hangchow was remarkable, especially in view of his apparent lack of interest in religion. A good scholar he had been long attached to Mr. Russell as "teacher," and especially as his assistant in rendering the Gospels into colloquial Ningpo spelt with roman letters. Some five years later than our occupation of Hangchow he was baptized and died a Christian. He had a sincere regard for Mr. Russell, but beyond that there was nothing to lead me to expect any sympathy from him in plans for the extension of our work. However it was to some sort of sympathy of that kind that I owed a very considerable element of helpful guiding in the step forward which I so shrank from taking. He had called on me on behalf of the owner of the small mission house in which I spent my first three years at Ningpo, and proceeded, after his business was concluded, to ask with unexpected interest about my proposed visit to Hangchow. A friend named Li had a house there and would gladly accommodate me. I explained that I had no expectation of doing more than visit the great city, if possible secure a small house for an evangelist, and return to Ningpo, where work was already more than enough for my brother and myself, the only C. M. S. missionaries then on the spot and able to speak Chinese. Upon this he argued almost vehemently that if the propagation of the Gospel was dear to us, Hangchow, the provincial capital, *must* be occupied and that this was the critical moment which it would be unwise to let slip. In the end I accepted from him a note of introduction to his friend, and in a little more than a year Mr. Li's house, as I have stated in the text, became the first permanent house of ourselves and our cause in the Provincial Capital.

NOTE 4.—"We reached England and my childhood's home. . . ." My furlough in 1876 would have been impossible but for the kindness of my Brother (now Archdeacon) in volunteering, with the approval of Bishop Russell and his Brethren, to take charge of Hangchow in my absence. I left him on April 24th, after a stay with us of about two

months, during which he had become better acquainted with the place and its duties. When I returned to Hangchow as Bishop five years later, those duties had been very considerably extended by his ministry. I handed over to my Brother as Chinese agents or pupils Matthew Tai, the clever artist who, after twenty years hesitation, had embraced the Gospel and been baptized in 1874, his son baptized with him by the name of John, and Dzing Kyi-doh (*alias* Stephen), youngest son of the Chinese Physician Stephen Dzing, who in 1858, when endeavouring to convert the catechist Bao to Romanism, was himself led to abjure Roman errors and join our communion. Matthew, John, and Stephen (the younger), besides receiving daily instruction from my Brother, used also under his direction to go out daily into the streets and suburbs of Hangchow preaching the Gospel and distributing tracts. In the spring of 1877 a room had been hired in the eastern suburb, in which enquirers were met and instructed. Its object was indicated by a Chinese notice over the door marking it as belonging to the "Religion of Jesus." During the New Year's holidays a native of Chuki named Chow, on a visit to friends in that neighbourhood, was attracted by the inscription, and also by a pile of Chinese Scriptures and Tracts which he saw through the open door of our room. The Mission room keeper in answer to his enquiries led him to the house of Matthew Tai, where he first heard the purport of the Gospel, which he was afterwards to have so large a share in propagating throughout his native district. His home was at Ta Chien-ch'i—"Great Watersmeet,"—or, as we at first erroneously rendered it, "Great Valley," a mountain village some twenty miles beyond the city of Chuki, which is sixty miles from Hangchow on a branch of the Chientang River. Chow Pao-yong's apprehension of Christian doctrine under the guidance of my Brother and his assistants was very rapid. He invited them almost immediately to visit his remote mountain home. Many of his clan and connexions were likewise interested, and before the year ended some twenty men and women were baptized either in Hangchow or at "Watersmeet." Persecution soon broke out and, especially by some of the younger Christians, was met with courage and patience. My Brother made repeated visits extending over many miles of the rough but beautiful country, preaching and holding services in several towns and villages, and renting, at last, a small mission house at the District City Chuki itself. When he, in his turn, left for his furlough in 1878, Pao-yong, baptized by the name of Luke, was a paid catechist, and the register shewed a hundred natives of Chuki as baptized Christians, a number greater than that gathered in Hangchow itself after twenty odd years. My Brother's place was taken by the Rev. Arthur Elwin, who entered zealously into his work, finding an especial interest in that part of it which lay in Chuki. My first episcopal visitation, under Mr. Elwin's

guidance in 1881, took me from villages north-west of the District City, by way of Chien-ch'i, to villages and market towns in the East and South. Next spring at the same places I confirmed more than forty fairly instructed candidates. I had cherished the hope that these scattered sheep might be shepherded by one of themselves, and had thought of Luke of Chien-ch'i and other members of his family as possible candidates. In respect of Scripture knowledge, utterance, and general ability, more than one of them could have filled the pastoral office with credit. Unhappily neither their previous history nor the moral depth of their conversion was such as to win the confidence of their Christian neighbours, or the respect of "those without." In 1889 I ordained Nyi Liang-p'ing, son of one of my first converts in Hangchow for pastoral work in Chuki; in the next year he was licenced Pastor of the Chuki Church, which nine years later was divided into an Eastern and a Western parish, Mr. Nyi having charge of the West, and the Rev. John Tai, son of Matthew the Artist-catechist, being licenced for the East. The latter was superseded two years ago, and his place is filled by the Rev. Tong Min-fu, like Mr. Nyi, a graduate of the Ningpo College and Theological Class. They have collectively by the last returns four hundred and thirty communicants under their care, scattered over so wide an area that they meet for divine service and the Sacraments at more than twenty places of worship. Their very moderate salaries are paid from a central fund, to which the Christians of Hangchow as well as their own parishioners contribute. For the last three or four years the Fund has sufficed to defray the salaries without foreign aid. But the task of shepherding such scattered flocks is too great for the ablest of Pastors.

The above will serve to shew to how great a work the small beginning, originated in God's providence by Luke's accidental visit to my Brother's Mission Room in the Hangchow suburb, has grown in thirty years.